



# Southern Messenger

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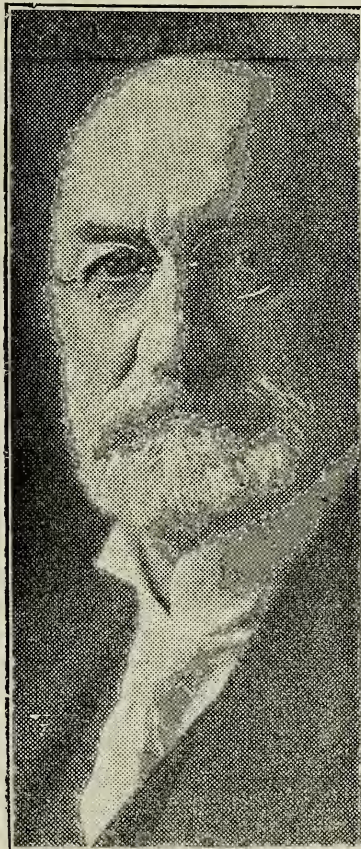
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## Greetings from The First Presidency

At the passing of this another fleeting year, a worthy custom affords us another opportunity to express thanksgiving one to another for gifts and blessings received, and to herald anew the message of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." We greet you this season, however, with feelings mingled with appreciation and apprehension.

Reverently and gratefully we acknowledge the Lord's bounteous blessings, inspirational guidance and divine protection. Now as always, when we turn to him, our hearts are filled with a sense of perfect security.

Also, as we consider the record of the Church during the last nine months, we have cause for encouragement and gratitude. Increases in many phases of the work reflect the loyalty and integrity of Church members, as well as their strength and ability to face undauntingly shrinking incomes and economic disasters. Five new stakes, forty-six new wards, since 1st January; improvement in Priesthood quorums, in attendance at quorum and



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class meetings, and more responsiveness to duties of brotherhood, indicate a persistence of interest most commendable. Four hundred and seventeen more missionaries in the field on 30th September, 1935, than on 30th September, 1934, in the face of present financial difficulties, and the further fact that tithes and offerings show an upward climb, are favourable indications of the unwavering faith of members of the Church. Truly, from a Church standpoint there is just cause for thanksgiving.

Feelings of apprehension arise, however, as we perceive the unrest, confusion and distraction of the nations of the world. In the words of an eminent statesman: "Men may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." Nor will there be until the spirit of righteousness dominates mankind.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone since the Christ child came to earth. His divine mission, as prophetically told, was "to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." Full well He knew that those who would persistently "sit in darkness" would be blind to the light He offers them; and, not content with turning therefrom themselves, would even persecute those who would desire to follow in the paths of peace. As He looked through the vista of centuries, He perceived millions who would deliberately reject the principles that promote harmony, fellowship, and goodwill, and cherish instead those things which foster strife, dissension, sorrow and death.

Yet He also knew that some time in the far distant future men's eyes would inevitably be opened and that they would eventually see that only in Christ and His teachings will the nations as well as men have peace.

Perhaps never was there a time in the history of the human race when the message of peace could be more appropriately heralded than at the present time. Today, contrary to the principles of Christianity, war is threatening the tranquility of nations. Clouds of strife and tribulation are gathering threateningly over civilisation. To further such contention and strife, the adversary of peace sends

abroad his emissaries, ambition, greed, envy, intemperance, hatred, atheism, scattering seeds of misunderstanding, bitterness and conflict.

However, dark though the lowering clouds seem, we know that the sun of peace still shines, and that sentiment opposed to brute force and unrighteous conflict is gaining power and increased momentum with each passing year.

Millions of honest hearts bleed as they hear and see the achievements of science turned to the destruction of cities and the brutal extinction of human beings. These millions, and millions more, should hold aloft the light of the Christ life, and thereby hasten the day when men "shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; (when) nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The great need of the world to-day is peace—the "first of human blessings."

To consummate this achievement, and to refrain from the shedding of blood the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are enjoined by divine revelation. In the midst of persecution and affliction, the Church was called upon by the Lord to "sue for peace, not only the people that have smitten you, but also to all people:

"And lift up an ensign of peace, and make a proclamation of peace unto the ends of the earth;

"And make proposals for peace unto those who have smitten you, according to the voice of the Spirit which is in you, and all things shall work together for your good.

The harmony of the notes sounded by the heavenly host singing "peace on earth, goodwill to men" has lingered throughout the intervening centuries, and still reverberates with increasing influence in the hearts of millions. True, selfishness, greed, intolerance, ambition, and other enemies to peace shall continue to prey upon humanity. But their depredations will be less potent as the spirit of the Christ life becomes more widely diffused, and the principles of the Gospel of the life abundant becomes more acceptable and adoptable as the guide to nations.

To this end we appeal to Latter-day Saints and to sincere men and women the world over to live for peace, for the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God. To achieve this, each one will cherish in his or her soul the ideal of truth. Honour, integrity, fair dealing, will be manifest in daily activities and duties; kindness and generosity will replace cruelty and selfishness; reverence for God and all things sacred will supplant disbelief and cynicism that shrivel the spirit and make sordid the soul; each will cherish as his life's ideal the divine sonship of Jesus Christ; will acknowledge his creative power, his perfect character, and supreme leadership, and accept what a distracted world must some day inevitably accept as a fact, that only through Him and by obedience to the principles of His Gospel can there be established peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

Heber J. Grant.

J. Reuben Clark.

David O. McKay.

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### SOUTH AFRICA GREETES YOU.

(Continued from page 9.)

#### Natal District:

Julian R. Durham, District President.

Robert R. Child.

#### East London District:

W. Orin Taysom, District President.

John F. Reynolds.

#### Port Elizabeth District:

Ralph W. Millburn, District President.

Jack H. Bradshaw.

The Lord has been indeed kind to us in giving us such a complete quota of missionaries and such a wonderful group of young manhood. Each one of these young men is indeed a representative of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and not only by precept but even more so by example in teaching the true philosophy of life.

—B.

## Church Wide News

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the United States, recently visiting in Salt Lake City, esteemed the city and people. Among his words were: "It is good to be in Salt Lake again on this beautiful day. I am happy to be greeted by my friends, the governor of Utah and the mayor of Salt Lake City. No sight in the United States gives me such a thrill as when I wake up on the train and find myself coming down into the Salt Lake valley. I had the same thrill this morning."

Appointed by the First Presidency, Elder J. Spencer Cornwall, of Salt Lake City, is the new director of the famous Tabernacle choir, succeeding the late Professor Anthony C. Lund, who died on 11th June. Elder Cornwall has studied conducting with leading American artistes and has organized and directed several choral groups in Utah.

A gold medal bearing the inscription, "To the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, with Sincere Appreciation," accompanied by a certificate, has been received by Bishop David A. Smith, choir president, from the Pacific International exposition at San Diego, California. Bearing the signatures of the president and managing director of the exposition, the certificate says: "The California Pacific Exposition is honoured to award a gold medal to the Mormon Tabernacle choir for choral excellency." The choir sang at the exposition on a week's concert programme, beginning 19th July.

Appointed to instruct classes in the field of religion at University of Southern California (enrolment of 10,000 students), University of California at Los Angeles (7,000 enrolment) and a Los Angeles junior college is Elder John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of Twelve Apostles. These universities made plans for instituting courses in religion in their curricula this summer and classes began in late September.

Illinois State Historical Society has honoured the Prophet Joseph Smith by placing an historical marker on its state highway one block north of the old Carthage jail, in which the Prophet was martyred, 27th June, 1844. The marker was placed for the purpose of directing traffic to the old jail, since it is recognized

as one of the chief historical spots in the state. Carthage jail is now owned by the Church.

Writing an odyssey of his travels in Western America, Mr. Ed. Neal, journalist, describes Salt Lake City in the Pontypool Free Press of Wales: "I had a nice visit there and am a great admirer of Salt Lake City, which I think is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. You can't imagine the setting unless you have actually seen it. It sets at the base of mountain peaks rising to over 10,000 feet and the city itself is at an elevation of over 5,000 feet. The whole city is famous for its many and spacious shade trees, which are especially noticeable after crossing the Great Salt Lake desert. Clear mountain water is obtainable at almost every corner or street intersection at fountains.

Red Indians of America have selected Salt Lake City as the venue of their national convention, July, 1936. Approximately 500 representatives from Indian tribes throughout the country will gather for the conference, sponsored by the American Indian Federation, with headquarters in Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Surpassing all records for the past five years, 162,000 tourists visited Temple Square in Salt Lake City during the first ten months of 1935. From all parts of the world, an average of 532 persons have visited the ground each day, receiving the story of Mormonism from the 55 guides who explain the Temple, Tabernacle, the oldest house in Utah (which is preserved on the grounds) and various Mormon Pioneer relics in the Bureau of Information building.

Publication of the Book of Mormon in Braille, in order that the thousands of blind people in the world might read its truths, will begin soon, according to a recent announcement by President Heber J. Grant.

Stakes of the Church now number 115, following the division of Liberty stake in Salt Lake City, Sunday, 27th October. The name of the new stake is Bonneville. Other stakes that have been formed during recent months are New York, Hawaii and Hyland.

## The Power of Truth

The Courage to face Ingratitude.

By William George Jordan.

Ingratitude, the most popular sin of humanity, is forgetfulness of the heart. It is the revelation of the emptiness of pretended loyalty. The individual who possesses it finds it the shortest cut to all the other vices.

Ingratitude is a crime more despicable than revenge, which is only returning evil for evil, while ingratitude returns evil for good. People who are ungrateful rarely forgive you if you do them a good turn. Their microscopic hearts resent the humiliation of having been helped by a superior, and this rankling feeling filtering through their petty natures often ends in hate and treachery.

Gratitude is thankfulness expressed in action. It is the instinctive radiation of justice, giving new life and energy to the individual from whom it emanates. It is the heart's recognition of kindness that the lips cannot repay. Gratitude never counts its payments. It realizes that no debt of kindness can ever be outlawed, ever be cancelled, ever paid in full. Gratitude ever feels the insignificance of its instalments; ingratitude the nothingness of the debt. Gratitude is the flowering of a seed of kindness; ingratitude is the dead inactivity of a seed dropped on a stone.

The expectation of gratitude is human; the rising superior to ingratitude is almost divine. To desire recognition of our acts of kindness and to hunger for appreciation and the simple justice of a return of good for good, is natural. But man never rises to the dignity of true living until he has the courage that dares to face ingratitude calmly, and to pursue his course unchanged when his good works meet with thanklessness or disdain.

Man should have only one court of appeals as to his actions, not "what will be the result?" "how will it be received?" but "is it right?" Then he should live his life in harmony with this standard alone, serenely, bravely, loyally and unflinchingly, making "right for

right's sake" both his ideal and his inspiration.

Man should not be an automatic gas-machine, cleverly contrived to release a given quantity of illumination under the stimulus of a nickel. He should be like the great sun itself which ever radiates light, warmth, life and power, because it cannot help doing so, because these qualities fill the heart of the sun, and for it to have them means that it must give them constantly. Let the sunlight of our sympathy, tenderness, love, appreciation, influence and kindness ever go out from us as a glow to brighten and hearten others. But do not let us ever spoil it all by going through life constantly collecting receipts, as vouchers, to stick on the file of our self-approval.

It is hard to see those who have sat at our board in the days of our prosperity, flee as from a pestilence when misfortune darkens our doorway; to see the loyalty upon which we would have staked our life, that seemed firm as a rock, crack and splinter like thin glass at the first real test; to know that the fire of friendship at which we could ever warm our hands in our hour of need, has turned to cold, dead, gray ashes, where warmth is but a haunting memory.

To realize that he who once lived in the sanctuary of our affection, in the frank confidence where conversation seemed but our soliloquy, and to whom our aims and aspirations have been thrown open with no Bluebeard chamber of reserve, has been secretly poisoning the waters of our reputation and undermining us by his lies and treachery, is hard indeed. But no matter how the ingratitude stings us, we should just swallow the sob, stifle the tear, smile serenely and bravely, and—seek to forget.

In justice to ourselves we should not permit the ingratitude of a few to make us condemn the whole world. We pay too much tribute to a few human insects, when we let their wrong-doing paralyze our faith in humanity. It is a lie of the cynics that says "*all men are ungrateful,*" a companion lie to "*all men have their price.*" We must trust humanity if we would get good from humanity. He who thinks all mankind is vile is a pessimist who mistakes his introspection for obser-

vation; he looks into his own heart and thinks he sees the world. He is like a cross-eyed man, who never sees what he seems to be looking at.

Confidence and credit are the cornerstones of business, as they are of society. Withdraw them from business and the activities and enterprises of the world would stop in an instant, topple and fall into chaos. Withdraw confidence in humanity from the individual, and he becomes but a breathing, selfish egotist, the one good man left, working overtime in nursing his petty grudge against the world because a few whom he has favoured have been ungrateful.

If a man receives a counterfeit dollar he does not straightway lose his faith in all money—at least there are no such instances on record in this country. If he has a run of three or four days of dull weather he does not say "the sun ceases to exist, there are surely no bright days to come in the whole calendar of time."

If a man's breakfast is rendered an unpleasant memory by some item of food that has outlived its usefulness, he does not forswear eating. If a man finds under a tree an apple with a suspicious looking hole on one side, he does not condemn the whole orchard; he simply confines his criticism to that apple. But he who has helped some one who, later, did not pass a good examination on gratitude, says in a voice plaintive with the consciousness of injury, and with a nod of his head that implies the wisdom of Solomon: "I have had my experience, I have learned my lesson. This is the last time I will have faith in any man. I did this for him, and that for him, and now, look at the result!"

Then he unrolls a long schedule of favours, carefully itemized and added up, till it seems the pay-roll of a great city. He complains of the injustice of one man, yet he is willing to be unjust to the whole world, making it bear the punishment of the wrong of an individual. There is too much vicarious suffering already in this earth of ours without this lilliputian attempts to extend it by syndicating one man's ingratitude. If one man drinks to excess, it is not absolute justice to send the whole world to jail.

The farmer does not expect every seed that he sows in hope and faith to fall on good ground and bring forth its harvest; he is perfectly certain that this will not be so, cannot be. He is counting on the final outcome of many seeds, on the harvest of all, rather than on the harvest of one. If you really want gratitude, and must have it, be willing to make many men your debtors.

The more unselfish, charitable and exalted the life and mission of the individual, the larger will be the number of instances of ingratitude that must be met and vanquished. The thirty years of Christ's life was a tragedy of ingratitude. Ingratitude is manifest in three degrees of intensity in the world—He knew them all in numberless bitter instances.

The first phase, the simplest and most common, is that of thoughtless thanklessness, as was shown in the case of the ten lepers healed in one day—nine departed without a word, only *one* gave thanks.

The second phase of ingratitude is denial, a positive sin, not the mere negation of thanklessness. This was exemplified in Peter, whose selfish desire to stand well with two maids and some bystanders, in the hour when he had the opportunity to be loyal to Christ, forgot his friendship, lost all thought of his indebtedness to his Master, and denied Him, not once or twice, but three times.

The third phase of ingratitude is treachery, where selfishness grows vindictive, as shown by Judas, the honoured treasurer of the little band of thirteen, whose jealousy, ingratitude, and thirty pieces of silver, made possible the tragedy of Calvary.

These three—thanklessness, denial and treachery—run the gamut of ingratitude, and the first leads to the second, and the second prepares the way for the third.

We must ever tower high above dependence on human gratitude or we can do nothing really great, nothing truly noble. The expectation of gratitude is the alloy of an otherwise virtuous act. It ever dulls the edge of even our best actions. Most persons look at gratitude as a protective tariff on virtues. The

man who is weakened in well-doing by the ingratitude of others, is serving God on a salary basis. He is a hired soldier, not a volunteer. He should be honest enough to see that he is working for a reward; like a child, he is being good for a bonus. He is really regarding his kindness and his other expressions of goodness as moral stock he is willing to hold only so long as they pay dividends.

There is in such living always a touch of the pose; it is waiting for the applause of the gallery. We must let the consciousness of doing right, of living up to our ideals, be our reward and stimulus, or life will become to us but a series of failures, sorrow and disappointments.

Much of the seeming ingratitude in life comes from our magnifying of our own acts, our minifying of the acts of others. We may have over-estimated the importance of something that we have done; it may have been most trivial, purely incidental, yet the marvellous working of the loom of time brought out great and unexpected results to the recipient of our favour. We often feel that wondrous gratitude is due us, though we were in no wise the inspiration of the success we survey with such a feeling of pride. A chance introduction given by us on the street may, through an infinity of circumstances, make our friend a millionaire. Thanks may be due us for the introduction, and perhaps not even that, for it might have been unavoidable, but surely we err when we expect him to be meekly grateful to us for his subsequent millions.

The essence of truest kindness lies in the grace with which it is performed. Some men seem to discount all gratitude, almost make it impossible, by the way in which they grant favours. They make you feel so small, so mean, so inferior; your cheeks burn with indignation in the acceptance of the boon you seek at their hands. You feel it is like a bone thrown at a dog, instead of the quick, sympathetic graciousness that forestalls your explanations and waives your thanks with a smile, the pleasure of one friend who has been favoured with the opportunity to be of service to another. The man who makes another feel like an

insect reclining on a red-hot stove while he is receiving a favour, has no right to expect future gratitude—he should feel satisfied if he receives forgiveness.

Let us forget the good deeds we have done by making them seem small in comparison with the greater things we are doing, and the still greater acts we hope to do. This is true generosity, and will develop gratitude in the soul of him who has been helped, unless he is so petrified in selfishness as to make it impossible. But constantly reminding a man of the favours he has received from you almost cancels the debt. The care of the statistics should be his privilege; you are usurping his prerogative when you recall them. Merely because it has been our good fortune to be able to serve some one, we should not act as if we held a mortgage on his immortality, and expect him to swing the censor of adulation forever in our presence.

That which often seems to us to be ingratitude, may be merely our own ignorance of the subtle phases of human nature. Sometimes a man's heart is so full of thankfulness that he cannot speak, and in the very intensity of his appreciation, mere words seem to him paltry, petty, and inadequate, and the depth of the eloquence of his silence is misunderstood. Sometimes the consciousness of his inability to repay, develops a strange pride—genuine gratitude it may be, though unwise in its lack of expression—a determination to say nothing, until the opportunity for which he is waiting to enable him to make his gratitude an actuality. There are countless instances in which true gratitude has all the semblance of the basest ingratitude, as certain harmless plants are made by Nature to resemble poison-ivy.

Ingratitude is some one's protest that you are no longer necessary to him; it is often the expression of rebellion at the discontinuance of favours. People are rarely ungrateful until they have exhausted their assessments. Profuse expressions of gratitude do not cancel an indebtedness any more than a promissory note settles an account. It is a beginning, not a finality. Gratitude that is

extravagant in words is usually economical in all other expression.

No good act performed in the world ever dies. Science tells us that no atom of matter can ever be destroyed, that no force once started ever ends; it merely passes through a multiplicity of ever-changing phases. Every good deed done to others is a great force that starts an unending pulsation through time and eternity. We may not know it, we may never hear a word of gratitude or of recognition, but it will all come back to us in some form as naturally, as perfectly, as inevitably, as echo answers to sound. Perhaps not as we expect it, how we expect it, not where, but sometime, somehow, somewhere, it comes back, as the dove that Noah sent from the Ark returned with its green leaf of revelation.

Let us conceive of gratitude in its largest, most beautiful sense, that if we receive any kindness we are debtor, not merely to one man, but to the whole world. As we are each day indebted to thousands for the comforts, joys, consolations, and blessings of life, let us realize that it is only by kindness to all that we can begin to repay the debt to one, begin to make gratitude the atmosphere of all our living and a constant expression in outward acts, rather than in mere thoughts. Let us see the awful cowardice and the injustice of ingratitude, not to take it too seriously in others, not to condemn it too severely, but merely to banish it forever from our own lives, and to make every hour of our living the radiation of the sweetness of gratitude.

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## “Enrichment of Life”

Elder Ray F. Marsh,

“Cumorah,” Mowbray.

(An old Challenge for the New Year.)

When Florence Nightingale asked the husband of Julia Ward Howe if it would be unsuitable for a young woman to devote herself to works of charity in hospitals and whenever needed, Dr. Howe answered: “You will find there is never anything unbecoming or unlady-like in doing your duty for others.” To give

and possess happiness was her ultimate aim in life and how radiant her path when she enlisted wholeheartedly in the service of others. To-day, services like Florence Nightingale's and the American Red Cross are known as one and inseparable.

Men aim at various objects to reach the supreme or ultimate end to which our lives are directed. How fortunate those, who find the highest end in loving and serving others. Too often when happiness has been achieved, the achievers forget the multitudes left outside. Pre-occupied with self-advancement they have "cadillacked" along until a 20th century depression strikes and makes them realize that after all, they must give to receive. Selfishness has sapped their enthusiasm and prevented their growth.

When the first American College for women was planted, its founder Mary Lyon, was asked how she could endure so much and always seem so happy. With a true spirit of service, she raised her voice and said: "This college means more than meat and sleep. Had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for its sake." She emphasized that the ideal of an education should be a training for service, and to fit one to do good. All that she taught, she was.

Voltaire set forth two objects as the aims of Human Existence: "To think, and to Love. If you love your fellowman, you will be eager for a chance to do him good.

Cultivate tenderness—that fine sense of kindly courtesy that has sympathy and a feeling of brotherly love. Make everyone your friend! Did you ever stop to think that what you can do for others, and don't, is a millstone that holds you down from climbing your ladder of happiness? Strive not only to build your mansion on a sun-clad hill, but help your neighbour build his there, too.

Real men and women are made by loving, helping, and serving others. Our deed might be small, and unnoticed by many in this realm of human advancement—yet it may be as a shining star in the life of our fellowman! Sacrifice and work for him. Do you feel that in giving to others, you must take away from your-

self?—that which we give—we keep! Give to create life and joy! Never be too tired or busy to give encouragement or speak a word of cheer. After you do a deed of kindness, don't sit down and wait for recognition or applause, for while you are waiting, your chance to serve someone else might be lost. True leaders and great souls, do not ask for recompense or fame. The good they do is their reward. There is joy in planting a tree of service but what unbounded happiness to think of the many who may afterward enjoy the shade!

Julia Ward Howe said, the ideal aim of life is "to learn, to teach, to Serve, to enjoy!" And when that glorious "Battle Hymn of the Republic" found its way to the heart of every American citizen, was that not a proof of her aim? The nation's song was born! Again and again it was sung and chanted as a prayer before battle, and a trumpet call to action! When Chaplain McCabe was addressing a large audience in Washington, he told them that when the joyful tidings of the victory of Gettysburg reached the Libby Prison, he lifted up his great voice and sang aloud that hymn, and the whole prison rang with the shout of every voice on the chorus! This stern, unrelenting group of American Leaders became so touched that almost instantly the building swelled with the strains of that majestic hymn! And the voice of Abraham Lincoln was heard above the wild applause, shouting, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "SING IT AGAIN!"

Would not your heart thrill with joy by such a contribution? Were not the efforts of Julia Ward Howe a form of Service in creating a true spirit of patriotism?

Jesus came into the world not to condemn it, but that the world, through Him might be saved! John tells us that while Jesus was on His way to Galilee, He paused at the Well of Jacob. A woman came to draw water, and He said, "Give me to drink," and she asked "How is it that thou, being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" because the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. Then Jesus told her His message—that He who is servant of all is greatest of all! "Whosoever drinketh



of the water that I shall give him shall not thirst, but shall be in him a well, springing up into everlasting life." He convinced her that he was Christ and His disciples came and marvelled that He was talking with a Samaritan. They prayed Him to eat and Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of HIM that sent me, and to finish HIS work!" What a faithful spirit of Service. How well He knew that one is only in the service of God when he is in the service of man!

How great the service of the Prophet Joseph Smith—to give his life and shed his innocent blood that we might have the Gospel—life everlasting!—that we might enjoy its fullness and blessings—that we might carry it on and open the prison gates for the rest of mankind. How untiring are the efforts of the Mormon missionaries who sacrifice two and one-half years of the best part of their lives to serve in this great work, and yet return home with an almost unanimous expression that they were the happiest years of their lives! Why! Because they had enlisted in the Service for which Christ gave His whole life!—to sow that others might reap!

What praise and glory and thanksgiving be to those who headed this mighty caravan of "MORMONISM!" to those who braved the desert without fear!—toiling over trackless plains and mountains with dauntless hearts!—who took the barrenness away and left in its stead a beautiful garden—a Garden of Life-everlasting! They builded better than they knew, with faith enough to banish all their fears, with courage and with hope enough to stand, firm, steadfast, and true to the end! They sowed that we might reap. Do we appreciate it? Are we going to Carry it on! Are we going to enrich our lives and the lives of our fellowmen by showing them the road to happiness—by giving words of courage and cheer, by bringing out the best within them and the best within us?

Our leaders have been proudly marching on, carrying this challenge—"We stand for enrichment of life through personal service to fellowmen." Are we as the youth of Zion going to stand in the sideline with only the echo ringing in

our ears? NO! We, the youth, and all the fold of Zion will answer to this Challenge! We will hold the staff of our heritage firmly in our hand and let our flag of PERSONAL SERVICE, with stars and stripes of true MORMONISM, wave HIGH—and FREE—and TRUE!

## South Africa Greet You

Father Christmas was especially kind to the South African Mission in bringing to these shores by means of the "Carnarvan Castle" four splendid young missionaries on Monday, 30th December. Elders Jack Hillier Bradshaw and Brent Mariger Palmer are from Salt Lake City; Elder Harlan Wallace Clark from Morgan, Utah, and Elder Timothy Hoyt Irons from Nephi, Utah. It was very fortunate that the annual elders' convention was in session when they arrived, and they were able to participate in the wonderful spirit of the convention and have the opportunity of meeting all of the travelling elders of the mission. We welcome these young men with sincerity and know that they are going to meet with joy and success in this wonderful work. May the Lord inspire and bless them abundantly.

Since convention the travelling elders have been assigned as follows:—

Albert E. Clarkson, secretary of the mission.

Cape District:

John J. Bates, District President.

John M. Bailey, Mission Commissioner.

Howard C. Badger.

Wm. Alton Sorenson.

Lincoln W. Kener.

Ray F. Marsh.

Harlan W. Clark.

Transvaal District:

Morris P. Woolley, District President.

Ross D. Benson.

Lincoln A. Daynes.

Dee Rich Parkinson.

James G. Shumway.

Omer J. Smith.

Timothy H. Irons.

Brent M. Palmer.

(Continued on page 3.)

## HERE, BUT GONE AGAIN—CONVENTION, 1935-6

What a difference a day makes! It began on the 23rd December, as Elders from everywhere flung into "Cumorah's" outstretched arms. Here an Elder, there an Elder, everywhere an Elder—but what a happy sight! Convention time was here again. So, for ten glorious days we worked together and played together. Interesting, educational and instructive were the convention topics which were discussed in all the various sessions. A very impressive Fast-Testimony meeting occupying an entire day, brought to light many faith-promoting occurrences which were strongly supported by individual conviction. And as far as "impressive" is concerned, on the early morning of the New Year, a Song and Prayer Service near the top of Devil's Peak, is almost too sacred to mention!

The whole convention was exceptionally well planned, and to balance up the scale, every extra holiday was filled with fun and frolic! Just for instance, on Christmas Eve there were twenty-five stockings, all sizes and colours, dangling above the fireplace! On Christmas morning we were up before six and romped about as "kiddies" once again! Good old Father Christmas had really come and every stocking was bulging with "sweets and nuts and things!" It was great sport.

Then a delicious Christmas Dinner, a present from a real Santa Claus, our Mission Mother, was praised and eaten in festive banquet style. Thanks, too, Brother and Sister Daniels, for that lovely feast at your house on the bright New Year! Wherever you put "Cumorah's" increased family of twenty-eight, we don't know, but we do know that there was plenty of room and plenty of food! All we can do now is "smack" our lips in fond remembrance.

Outstanding, too, was our banquet on Saturday evening, 28th December, at the Collingwood Restaurant in Cape Town. Talking about outstanding—a funny thing happened on the 26th, though. A challenge was made. It was accepted in the form of a baseball game; the players, up-country Elders vs. Cape Elders. You could only enjoy its funny but interesting

procedure by being there, it was that good! Oh, yes, "Cumorah" smuggled a few extra runs on the side (the winning side) and were declared the victors.

That same afternoon we were all friends again, so we headed for Muizenberg and the beach. A genuine American "Hot-dog-Roast" capped the day's activities. Thanks to the Seagers for their company and their farm. It was great sport projecting a stick over the red-hot coals of an open fire—for on the end was an "oblong dog"—and talk about GOOD when it was roasted! Marshmallows are good that way, too, and we surely had our fill!

After winding up the convention meetings, we all piled in a big motor bus—this was on the 2nd January—and started for Cape Point. We halted at Glencairn, imposed again on the good-natured Seagers and played a game of soft ball on their big grassy flat. We thanked them, though, and they know we mean it.

Once more settled in the big leather chairs, we rode on, through Simonstown, to the Point. There we had an appetizing picnic lunch, enjoyed a picturesque sea-line drive around the Peninsula, through Sea Point, and then it was "Home, James!" It was an all-day trip—lovely and grand—but we were ready for bed.

As "things must come and things must go" we woke on the early morn of 3rd January with only one regret—it was "farewell" to-day, to-morrow, and the next day. To the station, boat, and station, we went to bid a fond adieu to the departing.

They have gone now, but heads are high and hearts are happy for every Elder is tingling anew with pep and enthusiasm. In his heart is a determination to make 1936 a real Banner Year! They are one in purpose and heart—and "where there is unity there is strength!" May God grant a wonderfully successful Banner Year; may His unfailing love reach every heart, and His portals resound with the true echo of those seeking Light and Truth!—M.



**1935-36 Convention of Missionaries of the South African Mission, 23rd December, 1935, to 3rd January, 1936, at "Cumorah."**  
*First row* (reading left to right): Morris P. Woolley, President, Transvaal District; John J. Bates, President, Cape District; Edith P. Backman, President of Mission Relief Societies and General Adviser of Women's Organizations; Beverly Backman; Le Grand P. Backman, Mission President; Albert F. Clarkson, Mission Secretary; John M. Bailey, President, Natal District. *Below:* Richard P. Backman.  
*Second row:* Robert L. Backman; W. Orin Tavson, Lincoln W. Kener; Harlan W. Clark; Timothy H. Irons; Brent M. Palmer; Lincoln A. Daynes; Howard C. Badger; William A. Sorenson; Mary Jean Backman.  
*Third row:* Ralph W. Millburn; James G. Shumway; John F. Reynolds; Julian R. Durham; Omer J. Smith; Jack H. Bradshaw; Ross D. Benson; Robert R. Child; Ray F. Marsh; Dee R. Parkinson.

# Mission News

## CAPE DISTRICT.

**Elder John J. Bates, District President,**  
**"Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray.**

Meetings held at above address, Sundays, 10.30 a.m. and 7.0 p.m.; Mutual, Tuesdays, 7.45 p.m.; Relief Society and Priesthood Meeting, Thursdays, 7.45 p.m.

### Around the Diamond.

So this is the South Land!—Well, to start out with, a good elastic band always makes a snappy comeback! But getting on to baseball, a few weeks ago at the Rosebank Oval, Cumorah was caught floundering about at the close of a tight struggle with Nomads. The victory shifted—it was hard to take—but we took it, letting loose a hale and hearty cheer to the winning Nomads!

Well, on the 14th December, the twain met for another Rosebank Tuggle. With an echo of defeat still ringing in their ears, the Cumorah gang bounced on the field—and talk about pep and enthusiasm—they had it! But soon the end came—! Too bad, Nomads, we beat you 18 to 5. Anyway, it was great playing you, and believe us when we say "We like you—you're a mighty fine bunch."

But say, did you see what happened on the 21st December? Our Cumorah Maroons clashed in another friendly tussle—this time with the Crusaders. We stepped on their toes for a 23-run to 1 victory. Somehow, one of their sleek-footed men slipped from under the wedge and home he went! It was a wise thing to do—making a "shutout" impossible. It was a good play, Crusaders, and don't forget, some of our very best friends are on your team!

To be sure, on the 28th December, you missed the most thrilling game of the season, that is, if you weren't there, when our friendly enemies, the Liesbeek Parkers, were our opposites on the diamond. So exciting was the entire game that when it was over, even the grandstanders were the essence of fatigue! The last time up to bat the "Parkers" raised their final score to 7 runs. Their hopes were high for a "dark shutout" as Cumorah took her last at the bat. One run would tie the score! It was made! Amid wild

applause and eager cheers, what do you think happened? Cowley slid home from third—the umpire called it "quits" and the score was 8 to 7—for Cumorah!

It was hard medicine, Liesbeek Park, but just what the doctor prescribed! We have been there ourselves, you know. But no kidding, we do enjoy our games with you and think you a swell bunch—and good sports, too! By the way, Gibbs, (he's their pitcher), how did you like the Minstrel the last time? You've been three times now, haven't you?

### Missionaries in colour.

Talking about Minstrels, the Cumorah Minute Men carted their "One Night of Laugh" to Parow on the eve of the 18th December. It was President's birthday—but he didn't mind. We just decided to "go native" and celebrate the evening in blackface! We performed in the Princess Kinema to a very responsive audience.

Farewells are sad, but just the same, one was held at Cumorah, Monday night, 30th December. It was a benefit for our Baseball Club—but a farewell to the Minstrel and the Minute Men! The fifth and last performance was staged. The hall was again filled to overflowing—with mostly friends and baseball fans. The Minute Men played well their "last game" of song and jokes; and this is only a "thank you" for their splendid work! A word of appreciation also fits very well here—this time for our good friend, Mrs. Len Taylor, from Sea Point, who sang two beautiful and appropriate solos as part of a special programme between acts.

### Happy invitation.

On the night of 19th December, a happy dozen grown-ups from Cumorah thronged the steps of the Wests in Pine-lands, heaved their way into a lovely home, and relaxed in the comfort of a once-quiet drawing room! If it were for entertainment and good things to eat—"disappointment" should seek a new definition! President, Sister Backman, and their family of Elders were the lucky ones.

Towards the end of the evening Elders Marsh and Shumway joined the jolly

bunch. They spent most of their time telling about the delicious and tasty spread they had at Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray's. They had been dinner guests, and from their reports the evening had been one of the most enjoyable. The Grays were making ready for a nice big fishing and camping trip—even into months. If they use our best wishes and appreciation for bait they should catch more fish than the ocean could hold. That is what we think of them!

### **The lay of the land.\***

A surprised "shake-up" from the office of the President tells us that in the Transvaal there are Elders Woolley, Daynes, Smith, Shumway, Palmer and Irons, who left for Johannesburg by train on 3rd January. Elders Parkinson and Benson joined them later. They decided to "motor bike" that distance and left on the 4th. Life is one grand highway, but sometimes the bumps are hard. Good luck to you!

Port Elizabeth will house Elders Millburn and Bradshaw, and Durban, Durham and Childs. These four stalwarts left by boat on the 4th. The last to leave were Elders Taysom and Reynolds, bound for East London. They left by train on the 5th.

The Cape has at the mast Elder Clarkson as our capable mission secretary, Elder Bailey as mission commissarion, Elders Bates, Badger, Sorenson, Kener, Clark and Marsh in the field.

### **In short.**

Brother N. J. Gouws, released as secretary of Parow Branch Sunday School. Sister Peggy Pirie was set apart, 15th December, by Elder Durham, to fill this vacancy as well as assistant clerk for the branch.

Father Christmas arrives a few days early. Just at the close of a splendid Sunday School Programme on the 22nd, Jolly Old St. Nick alighted from his shining air sled to greet all the happy, smiling faces at "Cumorah." He was a spry old fellow with a long, snow-white beard and a plump little face. "There you are," he chuckled as he distributed his big bag of presents. And away he flew—to where, nobody knows; from

where—we wonder! Let us hope he comes again next year.

**CONGRATULATIONS!** Sister Johanna Smith. For a long time we have wanted to call you "sister"; now it rings true. Shall we tell your friends about it? Well, on the 22nd of December, she was baptized by Elder Bates, and confirmed by Elder Parkinson. We know you will be happy with us, and we're mighty glad to welcome you to the fold. You have many friends.

Late on the afternoon of the 10th January, Sister van Ryneveld arrived from Piquetberg. Her stay was only for three short days but she entered our Cumorah Home and added to its sunshine by just being her own sweet self. She is over seventy now, you know, full of life and love. The Gospel is her staff, she says, that is why she gets around so well.

President Backman and Elder Bates left 10th January on a three-days' tour around the district. They held meetings in Paarl and Robertson, visiting members and friends along the way. Our only regret at "Cumorah" is that we all can't go. Our best wishes and blessings are always carried by those who make the trip!

We always enjoy surprises, but one that is more than enjoyable is this: While visiting Piquetberg, President and Elder Bates were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Beckessinger. Before they left, Mrs. Beck was baptized. Elder Bates performed the baptism and President the confirmation. It was the 11th of January—a more wonderful way to begin the New Year, one could not find. This splendid and sweet character is aware of the esteem "Cumorah" holds for her. We send to her our sincerest congratulations. We do wish you were nearer.

### **Another welcome.**

Four new labourers for the vineyard! They look mighty promising, too. Elders Brent M. Palmer, Harlan W. Clark, Timothy H. Irons, Jack H. Bradshaw. We extend a healthy handshake to four Cumorahites, Elders Sorenson, Bates, Badger, and Kener. The reason? They have been chosen for Western Province. Elder Sorenson is vice-captain, so that means he will control the Province base-

ballers when they clash with the Transvaal and Natal. Congratulations!

Some people are just born lucky. Well, anyone who gets an invitation to dine at Sister Fourie's table is lucky. She fed six big, hungry mouths on 3rd January: Elders Taysom, Bates, Millburn, Sorenson, Childs and Durham. We don't know what they had, but we have a good idea what we missed!

So it is holiday time for Sister Swart and her daughter, Hilda? Brother van Rensburg is enjoying the trip up-country with them, too. We hope they are having a real time of it. They'll find a hearty welcome when they return.

It is nice seeing Elder John T. M. Wilson around again. Since being released from his missionary work he has been employed in Johannesburg. They miss him there, they say, but their loss is our gain. We hope he stays with us.

Our thoughts and prayers go out at this time to a mighty fine member in Pinelands, Brother O. Hansen. He has been confined to his bed for some time. We miss you, Brother Hansen, and are all hoping for the best.

We are happy to know that Wallace Julian is nearing the top of the recovery list. He recently experienced a very serious eye operation, and his many friends are wishing him well. We are with you, Wally, so cheer up!

On the 7th January, Elder John M. Bailey blessed the little daughter of Brother and Sister Pirie. She now owns the name of Sheila Violet, and was born on the 5th of December, 1935.

We hope you are liking your new home, Brother and Sister Jakins. It is an extra effort to Parow now from Bellville, and we appreciate your faithfulness.

### PORT ELIZABETH.

**Elder Ralph W. Millburn, District President.**

**Elder R. K. F. Doller, Branch President, Bushy Park, 23, Quoit St., Port Elizabeth.**

Services held at Forresters' Hall, Palm Street, Sundays, 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Expectations are great for a successful Banner Year in Port Elizabeth. A feeling of co-operation and good fellowship is prevalent among the members.

Sunday School attendance seems to be setting a pace for the Mission which might be difficult to beat. At a special Sunday School on the 22nd December, Clarence Doller was awarded first prize, merited by his 100 per cent. attendance for a year. Second place was given to Vince Doller, having missed only twice. Ruby Humphries and Earnest Doller tied for third place, having missed only three times. Other prizes were awarded, and sweets were given to all who attended. Keep up the splendid work!

A colourful party was given in the Doller residence at the turning of the Old Year. It looks like a real Banner Year for Brother Otto W. Doller and Estelle Grobler. At this party, their engagement was announced. Miss Grobler is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Grobler, while Brother Doller is the son of Brother and Sister R. K. F. Doller.

And still another! Announcement comes of the engagement of Sister Moreen Iris Henderson, of Port Elizabeth, to Mr. Herbert Reginald Puffett, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Puffett, of Pretoria. Congratulations are right in order. Here's the very best for you!

### BLOEMFONTEIN.

**Elder C. B. Spear, Branch President, 183, Monument Road, Bloemfontein.**

Bloemfontein Branch enjoyed the visit of President and Sister Backman, also Sister M. Park, especially in holding conference. A very enthusiastic meeting was held on the Friday evening, 29th November, with a record attendance. The spirit of love and peace was greatly manifest.

The next evening a social was held in Kimberley at 8 o'clock. Four Bloemfontein members were present. A very enjoyable evening was spent in song, music and refreshments. Members of the Kimberley Primary added to the success of the programme with a great deal of credit to themselves. There were 23 members present.

On Sunday, 1st December, conference meetings were held. Members were encouraged and strengthened by the words of President and Sister Backman. They left the next day for Cape Town.

Sister S. Grotique and her daughter Maud, with Joey Fouche, visited with Brother and Sister Spear in Bloemfontein over the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Brother G. A. Dunbar, of Durban, spent a fortnight in Bloemfontein. The saints enjoyed his visit very much.

A Christmas party was held by the Bloemfontein Primary on Christmas afternoon. Father Christmas distributed presents to all the children. Thirty-six were present.

Sister Spear was presented with a nice gift from the Primary members. It is greatly appreciated.

### EAST LONDON.

**Elder W. Orin Taysom, District President.**

**Elder C. H. Jubber, Branch President.**

**33, King Edward's Road, Vincent,  
East London.**

Wentzel Everton was recently operated on for appendicitis. His recovery has been speedy. We hope it will not be long until he is himself again.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the Elders at the home of Dr. and Sister Wagner. They had the pleasure of meeting Sister Wagner's mother from Dublin, Sister Steele. The pleasant harmony and happiness which existed in the home was indeed pleasing.

Elders W. Orin Taysom and John F. Reynolds were given a splendid welcome upon the arrival in East London. They accepted the fine hospitality of the Jubbers and from all reports they think that a mighty fine Zion is sure to bloom there.

### TRANSVAAL DISTRICT.

**District President: Morris Pratt Woolley.**

Meetings held at 395, Commissioner Street, Sundays at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Springs Hall, 19, Second Avenue, Geduld: Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.00 p.m.; and Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Liahona Branch, 20, Petunia St., Rosettenville: Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Waterval Branch, c/o J. P. Brummer, Waterval Estate: Sundays at 10.30 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

Boksburg Branch, 29, Moore Avenue: Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

The Transvaal District will miss the services of two diligent missionaries, Elders W. O. Taysom and Ralph W. Millburn. Elder Taysom has been made President of the East London District and Elder Millburn, President of the Port Elizabeth District. We who are in the Transvaal wish them great success in their new fields of labour.

We turn a welcome to Elders Dee R. Parkinson, Brent Balmer, Timothy Irons, Omer Smith, and James Shumway. They have been assigned to labour with us. This brings our total of missionaries to eight. We feel grateful to the Lord for this fine blessing.

The Transvaal District will support the Mission resolution in making 1936 a real Banner Year. We have resolved to re-consecrate ourselves to the work of the Lord.

### Ramah.

On Wednesday, 18th December, a very successful Christmas party was held at Ramah. The large crowd present had the opportunity of seeing Father Christmas and receiving a gift. Our compliments go to the Sunday School for the splendid way in which they carried out this entertainment. Brother N. G. Muir proved to be the children's man and a very successful leader of games.

Brother John T. M. Wilson, who has been active in the Ramah circles left for Cape Town on 21st December. He will be with his father in Rondebosch.

Christian Hendrik Louw, infant son of Brother and Sister C. H. Louw, has been very ill with pneumonia. He is now on the way to recovery and we thank the Lord for His mercy. Brother Hendrick Louw, also a son of Brother and Sister C. H. Louw, has undergone an operation. We pray for a speedy recovery.

The Elders returned on the 4th January, from Cape Town, where they have been attending the South African Elders' Convention. Many problems were solved and resolutions made for the coming year's work. Conventions give a splendid opportunity to an Elder to take stock of himself and his work.

**Liahona.**

The Sunday School sponsored the Christmas party held on the 23rd December. The large crowd attending was an added proof of its success.

Many cottage meetings are being held at the homes of the members of the church. This most likely accounts for the lively spirit of the Liahona Branch. Their slogan is "Activity is the Key to success."

A splendid choir, interesting sacrament services and the study of the genealogical work of the Church are keeping the members ever mindful of the Gospel and its fullness.

**Pretoria.**

Elders Lincoln Daynes and Timothy Irons have commenced missionary work in Pretoria. Interesting meetings are being planned and they hope to have much success in bringing new converts into the Church.

**Waterval.**

A Christmas party with an attendance of eighty-five was the most outstanding event of the month. Elders W. O. Tayson and Ross D. Benson were there to partake of the wholesome spirit.

Elders Morris P. Woolley and Dee R. Parkinson visited all the members of the Branch on the 10th of January. With the exception of the little child of Brother Stephan Brummer and a niece of Sister Joubert, who have both been very ill, the members were all quite well. Prayers were offered in their behalf.

**Springs.**

Branch President, I. C. Louw and wife, Mavis, became the proud parents of a big baby boy on the 11th of January. Both are doing well. They really deserve a congratulation!

Branch Presidency wishes to thank all the children who took part recently in the Primary concert. Special mention of the Sewane and Mostert children is made. They are friends of the Church and the Branch appreciates the help and talent given.

A Christmas tree party was sponsored by the Primary on the 21st of December. Many parents of the children were out to enjoy the spirit of Christmas. Games were played and presents given. Tasty refreshments were served.

Sunday evening, 29th December, Brother and Sister W. H. Brummer, of Waterval Branch, visited the Springs Branch. Brother Brummer gave a splendid sermon.

Brother and Sister Bertie Phillips enjoyed a few weeks' holiday trip to Bloemfontein. They visited with Brother Phillips' mother.

Sister Joyce Campbell has gone to Kimberley on a holiday. We wish her the best of luck and may her stay be filled with joy and happiness.

Elders Omer Smith and Ross D. Benson are the new Springs missionaries. They have resolved to do big things on the East Rand. We wish them success.

Brother and Sister Hancock, Sister Garrity and son, of Benoni, were in attendance at the Springs Sunday School on the 29th December.

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